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that I have. It means something to the rural people, but they know they've got to take low once again. I've said this before. There was an industrialist named Armand Hammer, and he could go places in the world where American diplomats could not go. When the Cold War was at its most frigid, he was welcome in Russia. And he'd fly his private jet in. He could go anywhere in the world. He paid his employees very high salaries. And he said he did it for two reasons. The first was to let people know that the job they got was important and they were going to be paid for it, but if they didn't do it, there were plenty of people lined up to take that job. That's the first one, the high salary. His other one: If you pay peanuts, you get monkeys. Now, my rural colleagues, where do you fit on the scale of being? Are you a self-respecting Homo sapiens? Or are you an Armand Hammer-characterized monkey. You eat peanuts. You know how you catch a monkey? You take a jar with a long neck that's narrow, and you put peanuts in the jar. Because the monkey likes peanuts, and the monkey can put an open hand into that jar, through the neck, and take the peanut. And the monkey gets the peanut, and he won't open his fist to release the peanut, and he's caught in the jar. Because the peanut blinds him to the fact that he has lost his freedom. He gave his freedom up for a peanut. My colleagues from the rural area, I'm not going to directly call anybody a monkey. But I'll say human beings sometimes make monkeys out of themselves. There was a song The Coasters sang about this monkey who had been taught how to gamble and guzzle beer. And there was a line in the song. The fellow who had the monkey was called Red, and fell out with him. And the monkey got upset, and he got Red's gun, and was chasing Red, Senator Combs, and Red was a licensed carrier. But the monkey got the gun. They said, run, Red, run, the monkey's got your gun, and he's aiming it at your head. Run, Red, run, the monkey's got your gun, and he's going to shoot you dead. Then the monkey told Red, Red, you made a monkey out of monkey out of me; now I'm going to make a man out of...no, Red, you made a man out of me; now I'm going to make a monkey out of you. He taught this monkey everything, then the monkey turned the table and he's going to make the man into the monkey. I'm not going to call anybody that. I'm using analogies. But if anything I said on this floor is incorrect, may the God that you all worship and the one you invoke every day strike...